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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

SCENES IN INDIA.



ALLIGATOR AND DEAD ELEPHANT.—See p. 188.

To the long list of splendid books usually published about this period of the year under the general name of *Annals*, a new one, intitled the *ORIENTAL ANNUAL*, has been added during the present season. It consists of a descriptive account of scenes and events in India, written in a most agreeable style, by the Rev. HOWART CAUNTER, and abounds in narratives of great interest. The embellishments comprise twenty-five plates, beautifully engraved from the masterly drawings of W. DANIELL, Esq., R.A., so well known for his numerous and interesting pictures of Eastern subjects. The magnificent scenery, the stupendous buildings, and the huge animals of the country, are depicted with consummate skill; and the general features, manners, superstitions, and peculiarities, of the Oriental regions, are thus placed before the reader in an attractive and intelligible form, illustrating the vivid narratives to which the prints are attached. Both the gentlemen, to whose joint labours we are indebted for this work, having been for many years resident in India, there is a tone of fidelity and of feeling about it, which could not be imparted by either author or artist personally unacquainted with the peculiar country to which it relates.

We extract a few interesting passages from this charming volume, and furnish engravings of two of the illustrations, premising, however, that it is impossible to convey, on wood, anything like an accurate idea of the beautiful steel engravings which decorate the *ORIENTAL ANNUAL*.

THE MONSOON*.

On the 15th of October, the flag-staff was struck, as a signal for all vessels to leave the (Madras) roads, lest they should be overtaken by the monsoon. On that very morning some premonitory symptoms of the approaching "war of elements" had appeared.

As the house we occupied overlooked the beach, we could behold the setting in of the monsoon in all its grand and terrific sublimity. The wind, with a force which nothing

could resist, bent the tufted heads of the tall, slim coconut trees almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air in eddying vortices, until the rain had either so increased its gravity, or beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning streamed from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, which appeared to encircle the heavens as if every element had been converted into fire, and the world was on the eve of a general conflagration, whilst the peal, which instantly followed, was like the explosion of a gunpowder-magazine. The heavens seemed to be one vast reservoir of flame, which was propelled from its voluminous bed by some invisible but omnipotent agency, and threatened to fling its fiery ruin upon every thing around. In some parts, however, of the pitchy vapour by which the skies were by this time completely overspread, the lightning was seen only occasionally to glimmer in faint streaks of light, as if struggling, but unable, to escape from its prison, igniting, but too weak to burst, the impervious bosoms of those capacious magazines in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain, that scarcely any thing, save those vivid bursts of light which nothing could arrest or resist, was perceptible through it. The thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the ear to throb; it seemed as if mines were momentarily springing in the heavens, and I could almost fancy that one of the sublimest fictions of heathen fable was realized at this moment before me, and that I was hearing an assault of the Titans. The surf was raised by the wind and scattered in thin billows of foam over the esplanade, which was completely powdered with the white feathery spray. It extended several hundred yards from the beach; fish, upwards of three inches long, were found upon the flat roofs of houses in the town during the prevalence of the monsoon, either blown

* Or Trade Wind, which, in the Indian Sea, blows periodically from one point of the compass, then suddenly changes, and blows from the opposite point.

from the sea by the violence of the gales, or taken up in the water-spouts, which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season. When these burst, whatever they contain is frequently borne by the sweeping blast to a considerable distance over-land, and deposited in the most uncongenial situations, so that now, during the violence of these tropical storms, fish are found alive on the tops of houses: nor is this any longer a matter of surprise to the established resident in India, who sees every year a repetition of this singular phenomenon.

During the extreme violence of the storm, the heat was occasionally almost beyond endurance, particularly after the first day or two, when the wind would at intervals entirely subside, so that not a breath of air could be felt, and the punka afforded but a partial relief to that distressing sensation which is caused by the oppressive stillness of the air, so well known in India whilst the monsoon prevails. This was not our only inconvenience; insects of all kinds crept along the walls, and the most disagreeable reptiles crawled over our floors. Legions of ants, cockroaches, and lizards, were forced from their dark recesses by the torrents, and absolutely invaded us. Scorpions, toads, centipedes, and even snakes, made free entrance into our apartments, as if they had been Hindoo lazar-houses for the reception of wandering and homeless reptiles. The toads, centipedes, and snakes, we could manage to destroy, but the scorpions, lizards, ants, and cockroaches, defied us by their numbers, and maintained a complete, though not undisturbed, possession of our chambers.

Day after day the same scene was repeated with somewhat less violence, though at intervals the might of the hurricane was truly appalling.

SHARKS.

BEFORE we left Madras, a circumstance occurred which I deem to be worth recording. Though sharks are seldom found in the surf, they are very numerous beyond it; but they sometimes do venture within the swell, in the expectation, probably, of picking up a meal from an overturned Massoolah boat.

One morning a little boy, about eight years old, happened to be washed from a catamaran which was managed by his father, who was thus early initiating him into the hardships of that mode of life which he intended him to pursue, and, before he could be rescued from the turbulent waters, a shark drew him under, and he was seen no more. The father lost not a moment, but calmly rose, and placing between his teeth a large knife which he carried sheathed in his cummerbund, plunged beneath the lashing waves. He disappeared for some time, but after a while was occasionally seen to rise, and then dive under the billows, as if actively engaged with his formidable foe. It was a period of painful suspense to those who were anxiously watching the issue from the boats outside the surf. After a while the white foam was visibly tinged with blood, which was viewed with a sensation of horror by those who could only surmise what was going on under the water. The man was again seen to rise and disappear, so that the work of death was evidently not yet complete. After some further time had elapsed, to the astonishment of all who were assembled on the beach, for by this time a considerable crowd had collected, the body of a huge shark was seen for a few moments above the whitening spray, which it completely crimsoned, and then disappeared; an instant after, the man rose above the surf, and made for the shore. He seemed nearly exhausted, but had not a single mark upon his body, which bore no evidence whatever of the perilous conflict in which he had been so recently engaged. He had scarcely landed when an immense shark was cast upon the beach by the billows. It was quite dead, and was immediately dragged by the assembled natives beyond the reach of the surge. It presented a most frightful spectacle, exhibiting fatal proofs of the terrific struggle which had ensued between this ravenous tyrant of the deep and the bereaved father. He had indeed taken a most signal revenge.

On the body of the huge creature were several deep gashes, from one of which the intestines protruded. The knife had been evidently plunged into the belly, and drawn downward with unerring precision, presenting an immense wound nearly a yard long. There were also several deep incisions about the gills, and below the fins; in short it is impossible to describe the fearful evidences which the monster exhibited of the prowess and dexterity of its determined aggressor, who had so boldly periled his life to

revenge the death, as it was afterwards ascertained, of his only child. As soon as the shark was drawn to a place of security, it was opened, when the head and limbs of the boy were taken from its stomach. The body was completely dismembered, and the head severed from it: the different parts, however, were scarcely at all mutilated. It would seem that, after separation, they had been immediately swallowed, without being submitted to the previous process of mastication. The moment the father saw the truncated remains of the little object of his affection, the habitual coldness of the Hindoo merged in the tenderness of the parent, and he for the moment gave way to the agonies of his heart. He threw himself upon the sand, and mourned his bereavement—

With sad unhelpful tears,

but soon recovering his constitutional serenity, he unrolled his dripping turban, and having placed the severed remains of his child in the ragged depository, bore them to his fragile tenement of bamboo and palm-leaves, in order to prepare them for immediate cremation.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

A stout ferocious-looking fellow stepped forward, with a common wicker basket of the country, which he begged we would carefully examine. This we accordingly did; it was of the slightest texture, and admitted the light through a thousand apertures. Under this fragile covering he placed a child about eight years old, an interesting little girl, habited in the only garb which nature had provided for her, perfect of frame and elastic of limb—a model for a cherub, and scarcely darker than a child of southern France. When she was properly secured, the man, with a lowering aspect, asked her some question, which she instantly answered; and as the thing was done within a few feet from the spot on which we were seated, the voice appeared to come so distinctly from the basket, that I felt at once satisfied there was no deception. They held a conversation for some moments, when the juggler, almost with a scream of passion, threatened to kill her. There was a stern reality in the whole scene which was perfectly dismaying; it was acted to the life, but terrible to see and hear. The child was heard to beg for mercy, when the man seized a sword, placed his foot upon the frail wicker-covering under which his supposed victim was so piteously supplicating his forbearance, and, to my absolute consternation and horror, plunged it through, withdrawing it several times, and repeating the plunge with all the blind ferocity of an excited demon. By this time, his countenance exhibited an expression fearfully indicative of the most frantic of human passions. The shrieks of the child were so real and distracting, that they almost curdled, for a few moments, the whole mass of my blood: my first impulse was to rush upon the monster and fell him to the earth; but he was armed, and I defenceless. I looked at my companions—they appeared to be pale and paralyzed with terror; and yet these feelings were somewhat neutralized by the consciousness that the man could not dare to commit a deliberate murder in the broad eye of day, and before so many witnesses; still the whole thing was appalling. The blood ran in streams from the basket; the child was heard to struggle under it; her groans fell horribly upon the ear; her struggles smote painfully upon the heart. The former were gradually subdued into a faint moan, and the latter into a slight rustling sound; we seemed to hear the last convulsive gasp which was to set her innocent soul free from the gored body, when, to our inexpressible astonishment and relief, after muttering a few cabalistic words, the juggler took up the basket, but no child was to be seen. The spot was, indeed, dyed with blood, but there were no mortal remains, and, after a few moments of undissembled wonder, we perceived the little object of our alarm coming towards us from among the crowd. She advanced and saluted us, holding out her hand for our donations, which we bestowed with hearty good-will; she received them with a most graceful salaam, and the party left us, well satisfied with our more than expected gratuity. What rendered the deception the more extraordinary was, that the man stood aloof from the crowd during the whole performance,—there was not a person within several feet of him.

HINDOO TEMPLE AT TRITCHENGUR.

THE entrance to the main building is through the centre of the base, forming a large and lofty passage with a flat roof. Above this are five distinct stories; so that I should think the building must exceed the height of a hundred

feet. The exterior of this structure is very splendidly ornamented, but bears the marks of a much more modern date than the temple on the hill; it is covered with the richest tracery, projecting in the boldest relief from the foundation to the summit, which is surmounted by five styles or cullees, supposed to have some cryptic reference to one of the principal Hindoo deities, too sacred for the profane understandings of the vulgar. The temple, which is several yards within the gateway, to which it is far inferior both in external grandeur and variety of decoration, is a flat-roofed building supported upon an immense number of elegant columns, which, although they all bear precisely the same character, are nevertheless every one differently embellished, showing at once the amazing fertility of invention of the persons who erected these stupendous edifices, their taste, their manual skill, and their perfect knowledge of architecture. The noblest monuments of ancient Greece and Rome must yield in splendour to the wonderful structures of this most extraordinary country; there is certainly nothing in the whole world that exceeds them for magnificence of design and grandeur of effect. The mighty dome and gallery of St. Peter's sinks into comparative insignificance before some of those incomparable monuments of remotely ancient and comparatively modern art to be found in Hindoostan. History indeed has left us some faint records of the amazing efforts of human ingenuity exhibited in the vast cities of Nineveh and Babylon, and which appear to have been again realized by the imagination of Martin, who seems born to be the founder of a city that should eclipse them both. These mighty capitals of still more mighty empires have passed away, together with every memorial of them; but there still exist monuments as noble, which challenge the absolute wonder of the traveller, among the remains of Hindoo architecture. No one who has traversed those fine districts of central Hindoostan, which have excited at once the admiration and astonishment of foreigners, will readily conceive that the greatest cities of antiquity ever presented sublimer monuments of art than are now to be seen, in all their primitive grandeur, in this populous and fruitful region.

The less sacred of the temples at Trichengur, is not so much frequented by rigid devotees as the more venerated sanctuary on the hill; but it always presents a larger concourse of persons, a great number of whom resort thither for water, which is obtained from a deep well, just within the gateway. Over this well there is a statue of a bull, built of stone, finely stuccoed: it is of gigantic proportions. There is a second statue of the same sacred animal under a stone canopy, at some little distance, but much smaller; they are both well executed, though inferior to many I have seen. The descent to the water under the larger figure is by a very excellent flight of stone steps. The number of steps I could not ascertain; but, from the depth of the shaft, there must be a great many. It is extremely interesting to see the young Hindoo women, almost invariably beautiful in form and feature, emerging from this subterranean retreat with their water-vessels upon their heads, and silently pursuing their way homewards under their elegant burdens which they carry with inimitable ease and grace. The entrance to the well is through the breast of the bull, where there is a large opening, from which some idea may be formed of the colossal size of the figure.

THE WATERFALL AT PUPPANASSUM.

BEFORE we left Tinevelly, we took the opportunity of visiting the waterfall at Puppanassum, which is, perhaps, upon the whole, the most stupendous object of its kind in the Carnatic. The approach to it lay through a long narrow valley, at the termination of which the fall deposits its waters in an unfathomable pool, whence a new river seems to issue, winding its placid course through a plain, nearly level with the sea. Upon our approach to the fall through this valley, confined on either side by lofty hills, the view of it was frequently obstructed by the intersections of the mountain round which we occasionally had to wind. We followed the tortuous course of the stream, along the banks of which we saw a great number of devotees on their way to bathe in those sacred waters, and to offer their genuflexions and prostrations upon a spot, consecrated at once by extreme antiquity and very awful local traditions. These slaves of the most besotted superstitions upon earth, did not appear to be at all pleased at the idea of seeing the place profaned by the unhalloved feet of *firingees*, or

Christians, whom they hold in absolute abhorrence. They passed us in dogged silence, and there was an expression of malignant scorn upon the curl of those lips, which were about to offer up their devotions to gods more abominable than themselves, that satisfied us they wanted not the will, though they lacked the daring, to do us a mischief. Alas! that devotion should have such votaries! No one who has witnessed the stern ferocity of feeling encouraged by the deluded supporters of a most extravagant idolatry, towards all of a different creed, can well shut out the reflection of his own moral advantages, and fail to bless his God, with most earnest sincerity of purpose, that he was born a member of a Christian community.

Upon turning the angle of a hill, which rose abruptly from the valley, the fall burst suddenly upon our sight. It was indeed a magnificent spectacle. The impression excited was so uncommon, that I was obliged to close my eyes for a moment, in order to recover from the sudden and almost astounding surprise. Though the roar of the cataract had been long heard before we reached it, so that we were not unprepared for something more than commonly imposing, the reality far transcended our expectations. It is precipitated from a height of one hundred and fifty feet, pouring over the steep a prodigious body of water, which, forcing its way betwixt intervening rocks, among which it boils and hisses with tremendous energy, falls into the deep, dark pool beneath, with a din and turbulence that are almost deafening*. The sound of the cataract may be heard at the distance of several miles, even in the dry season; but, during the monsoons, when swelled by mountain torrents, the roar is augmented tenfold. There is a tremendous vortex just below the fall, caused by its sudden and violent pressure upon the surface below, so that no one can safely approach within reach of the spray. The waters of this spot are highly sacred, Puppanassum, the name which the place bears, signifying the washing away of sins. A great number of devotees are to be seen at all times bathing in this consecrated river.

ALLIGATORS.

AN English lady had sent a messenger a few miles into the interior with a letter, but as he did not return at the time expected, she began to apprehend that some accident had befallen him; she consequently sent a party in quest of the man, but they could obtain no tidings of him. At length, in crossing a stream, on their return from an unsuccessful search, they saw a dead alligator upon the bank, with its jaws extended as if it had suffered a violent death. Upon examining the creature more closely, they found that it had been choked, as the throat was considerably distended. This they immediately proceeded to cut open, in order to ascertain the cause of a strangulation so very unusual, when the head of the unfortunate messenger was found completely choking up the passage. The animal had been evidently unable to pass it, and had in consequence died of suffocation. The turban was still on the man's head, and, upon taking off the skull-cap, the answer to the lady's letter was found under it, perfectly uninjured. It was presumed that the poor fellow had attempted to swim across the stream, having first deposited the letter under his turban, but was arrested and destroyed by the alligator before he could reach the opposite shore.

We had taken our guns, and sauntered into the jungle, accompanied by several armed natives, in order to try if we could not furnish our table with some of the excellent wild-fowl with which the woods and marshes abound. We had not proceeded far before we entered a large open space in the forest, in the centre of which was a sheet of water of considerable extent, filled, as we could perceive, with alligators of enormous size. This lake, although penetrating far into the jungle, was rather narrow, but extremely deep. From its banks, on either side, a great number of large forest-trees, which were distinctly reflected in its dark and placid bosom, cast their broad shadows upon its waters; whilst the sun, darting his vivid rays through the close foliage that nearly intercepted them, threw here and there small masses of golden light, which gave a solemn but relieved interest to the natural gloom of the picture. Near the head of the lake was the carcass of a dead elephant, upon which a large alligator was making his meal, while others of less magnitude were eagerly awaiting his departure, that they might succeed him, when he should have received his sufficiency, and likewise enjoy the luxury of a feast. The natural solitariness and asperity

* See the engraving, p. 192.

of the spot, the immobility and murkiness of the lake, the extreme denseness of the foliage, together with the almost cavernous gloom which such a concurrence of causes produced, were seen in awful contrast with the several varieties of living objects that met the sight upon entering this sequestered glade. There was, indeed, a stirring activity in the very haunt of solitude; and what is strange, the feeling of intense solitariness was only the more strongly awakened by the presence of this activity, as the mind instantly felt that it could only be witnessed far from the abodes of men. The mental associations excited by the scene before us were any thing but pleasing, as we here read, in one of Nature's most melancholy pages, the sad lesson of animal selfishness and ferocity. How does the former run through all the countless gradations of human feeling! In the rational creature it is the master-spring of motives, intents, and actions, and exists as strongly as in the irrational; in the latter, it is only the more obvious because it is the less disguised. These reflections passed rapidly through my thoughts as I gazed upon the living things which swarmed in and about the dark lake, on whose banks the elephant had breathed his last. Various beasts and birds of prey,—jackals, adjutants, vultures, kites, and reptiles of different kinds, were seen collecting from all quarters, waiting their turn to share in the casualty of a full banquet. During the time that the large alligator,

At once the king and savage of the waste, was busy at his work of hungry devastation on the colossal body of the elephant, a native attendant was desired to advance and fire, in order that we might see what would be the effect of the explosion among the ravenous visitors to this gloomy valley*. This he immediately did. The ball glanced from the alligator's body as if it had been cased in adamant, when a scene of confusion ensued which defies description. The whole valley seemed at once to start into life. The rush of the monster, thus suddenly scared from its prey,—the splashings of those which were floating on the surface of the lake, in expectation of a speedy meal, as they plunged beneath its still waters,—the yelling of the jackals, and the screaming of the vultures, made altogether such a din that we were glad to escape from the frightful uproar. We had the curiosity to revisit the spot after our day's sport, on our return to our tents, when we found the large body of the elephant entirely consumed, with nothing but the skeleton remaining. The bones were picked as clean as if they had been under the hands of a most skilful surgeon, and prepared by him for some national museum. This operation was completed by the black ants, which swarm upon a carcass after it has been relinquished by the more voracious beasts of prey, and leave the fleshless frame as white and clean as if it had been polished by the efforts of human ingenuity.

HINDOO IDOLS.

FROM the narrative of Fitch, who visited Benares during the latter part of the sixteenth century, it will appear that the superstitious reverence of the Hindoos was then precisely similar to that which now so frequently shocks the Christian traveller at once by its impurity and extravagance. Fitch's narrative is full of minute descriptions of idols which he saw in the different temples, and of the various modes of worship daily offered to them. Some of his details are curious. Of these idols, he quaintly says, "Some be like a cow, some like a monkey, and some like the devil; many of them are black, and have claws of brass with long nails, and some ride upon peacocks and other fowls which be evil-favoured, with long hawk's bills, some with one thing and some with another, but none with a good face. They be black and ill-favoured; their mouths monstrous, their ears gilded and full of jewels; their teeth and eyes of gold, silver, and brass." These are the words of an observing man, and they tally in every particular with the descriptions given by all subsequent writers, and attested by hundreds of modern travellers, who have not come before the world in the character of authors.

[ORIENTAL ANNUAL.]

* See the engraving p. 185.

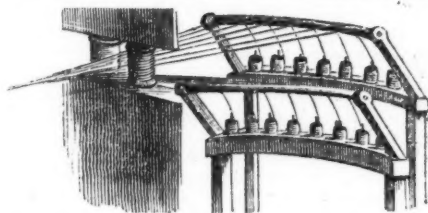
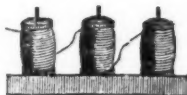
FALSEHOOD AND FRAUD.—There is nothing of so ill consequence to the public as falsehood, or (speech being the current coin of converse,) the putting false money upon the world; or so dark a blot as dissembling, which, as Montaigne saith prettily, is *only to be brave towards God, and a coward towards man*; for a lie faceth God, and shrinketh from man.—**LLOYD'S Worthies.**

WEAVING.

THERE is, perhaps, no art more generally practised, nor any which has conducted more to the comfort of mankind, than that of weaving, and its antiquity is so great, that to endeavour to trace out the original inventor, would be a hopeless task. The principle of weaving is the same in every kind of fabric, and consists in forming any description of fibres into a flat web, or cloth, by interlacing one with another; the various appearances of the manufacture arise as much from the different modes in which these fibres are interwoven, as from the difference of material.

The simplest weaving-loom, although far from being in reality a complicated machine, is yet necessarily formed of so many pieces, that any view that can be given of it would be insufficient to render the process intelligible; the representation of some of the detached parts will, therefore, be necessary for that purpose.

The material which forms the length of the cloth is called the warp, and the various threads of which it is composed are wound singly round small wooden reels called bobbins. A certain number of these are taken by the warper, who prepares the threads for the weaver, and who arranges the bobbins as represented in the annexed engraving. The number of bobbins



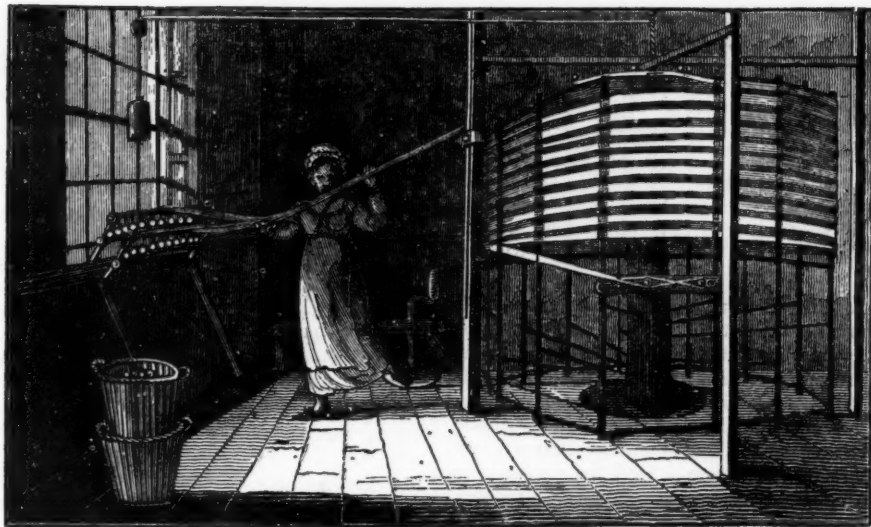
taken up at one time in silk-weaving is fifty, twenty-five of which are placed on the lower beam, and as many on the upper*; the thread from the bottom row passes over the lower bar, and that from the upper over the upper bar; these threads are then tied together, passed between the two pulleys, as seen on the left hand in the engraving, to the warping-mill, on which the silk has now to be wound, and there placed on a pin, as at D. The warper now passes her fingers between the threads of the warp, taking, alternately a thread from the upper and lower row of bobbins, as seen in the diagram, and slides her hand along until she reaches the pin over which the ends of the warp, which are tied together, are placed. Lifting it then off the first pin, she replaces it, as seen in the annexed cut; another pin, E, preserving the threads in their place. Before the



warp is removed from the mill, the threads are secured in their alternating situation by tying them together where they cross each other, as at F.

The work being thus far advanced, and the first fifty

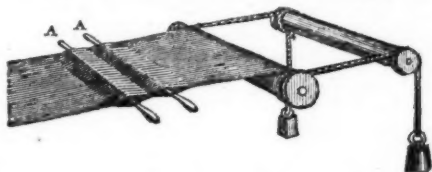
* In the engraving, to avoid confusion, the full number of bobbins is not represented; but as the number varies with the fabric, it will not interfere with the understanding of the principle.



WARPING-MILL USED BY THE SPITALFIELDS SILK-WEAVERS

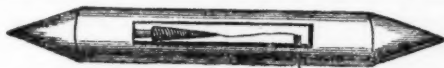
threads of the warp fixed on to the wheel of the mill; the annexed representation of a warper at work, will render clear the explanation that follows. The wheel of the mill is made of sufficient magnitude for a thread, of the intended length of the piece of goods, to reach, when wound round it in a spiral manner, from the pins at the lower part to those at the upper; this spiral course of the warp on the wheel is produced by a very simple contrivance, namely the winding and unwinding of a piece of cord on the upper part of the spindle or axis. The wheel having been steadily turned until the first length of the warp is wound round it, and has reached the pins at its upper part, the hand is again passed between the alternate threads of the upper and lower bobbins, and the warp placed over the upper pins, as seen at the top of the wheel in the engraving, and twisted beyond the furthest pin, and the wheel is then turned the opposite way, and another length of warp is wound round it; and this operation is continued until the silk on the bobbins is exhausted. The warp is now carefully unwound from the wheel, and carried away in bunches, to be wound round the cylinder, or beam, of the loom. The mode of warping described, is that employed by the silk-weavers of Spitalfields. In the large cotton-mills the machinery is much more complete, and, consequently, more certain in its performance.

The warp upon the cylinder having been equally spread over its surface, and two long sticks, *AA*, introduced between its alternate threads, to supply the place



of the two pins on the warping-mill, it is now prepared for the weaver, by straining it tight, by means of weights properly applied at one end. Machinery which it would be difficult to represent, and which is connected with treddles, which the weaver presses with his foot alternately, raise first one-half of the threads of the warp and then the other, each time so far separating them as to allow the shuttle to pass, and carry with it the cross-threads of the cloth, called the *woof*. The form of the weaver's shuttle is shown in the annexed engraving. The thread of the woof,

which crosses the cloth, is wound round the pointed bobbin in the inside of the shuttle, and as this is



thrown with a sudden jerk, between the separated threads of the warp, of course it unwinds, and the shuttle passes on to the other side of the cloth; the threads of the warp are again shifted by the treddles, and the shuttle is returned, forming the second thread of the woof, and this raising and depressing the alternate threads of the warp, and passing and repassing of the shuttle, is continued, until the piece of cloth is finished; this is called plain weaving, and the threads of the warp and woof, if magnified, would appear as in fig. 8.

In some kinds of work, instead of the woof passing between every other thread of the warp, it will pass under one and over three, as in fig. 9, which is a magnified representation: it is in this case called *tweel*, and this kind of fabric, is considered to be stronger than plain weaving, from the threads of the woof lying closer together.

Fig. 10, is another specimen of *tweel*, in which the thread of the woof is of a different colour to that of the warp, this, as may be seen, produces a pattern. The two next engravings, show the manner in which the threads cross each other, in the weaving of open fabrics, as mail-net, fig. 11, and gauze, fig. 12: here, at each place where the threads cross, they are curiously twisted or tied. In this the machinery of the loom is much more complicated, and the treddles that separate the warp more numerous.

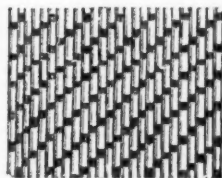
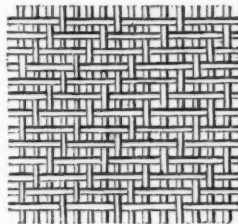
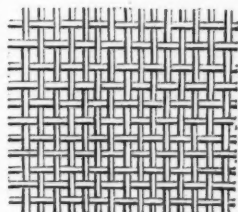


Fig. 11.

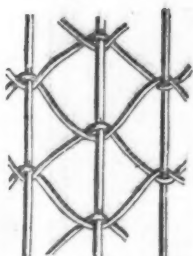
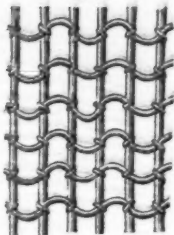


Fig. 12.



In the weaving of Carpets, the warp is double, and the thread of the woof passes from the upper to the lower portion at various points, according to the pattern; in the smaller patterns, these points are more numerous than in the larger, and consequently, a carpet of a small pattern is (the quality of thread being equal,) considerably stronger and more durable, than one in which the design is of a larger character. The weaving of damask patterns is extremely complicated, and the preparing the warp to receive the woof, and calculating the order in which the woof is to be thrown, will employ a man for six weeks or two months.

In the weaving of cotton goods, a preparation of flour and water is used, for the purpose of giving consistency to the thread of the warp; this preparation is applied by means of a large brush; as it is necessary that the warp should be kept constantly moist and pliable, and in extremely hot weather, there is much difficulty in producing this effect. The silk-weavers, in Spitalfields, have a curious method of keeping the warp in this state; instead of flour and water, a kind of size is prepared, by boiling cuttings of kid leather in water; this is called *spreu*: the workman takes a quantity of this liquid into his mouth, and blows it through his lips in such a manner, as to make it fall upon the warp in the form of a fine rain.

There is no doubt, that the complicated machinery employed in the English looms, can produce the finest and most beautiful fabrics in the world; but while we look with amazement at the result of the labours of our countrymen, we cannot withhold our astonishment at the elegance and regular texture of the goods produced by the patient Hindoo, whose loom consists of little else than a few sticks of bamboo, rudely fastened together, and fixed to the branches of some leafless tree.

FROM the cultivation of the earth, a second paradise of beauty and sweets springs up to our delighted view: from exertion and industry our most valuable comforts arise: and the endeavours we use in the attainment of any earthly good, stamps a double value on its possession, and gives a keener relish in its enjoyment.—MRS. KING.

MODERATION is commonly firm; and firmness is commonly successful.—JOHNSON.

OF all excellencies that make conversation, good sense and good nature are the most necessary, humour the *pleasante*.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

TIME passes on, and the fashions of the mind, as well as of the body, change; but the mind and the body remain the same in all ages, and are subject to the same accidents of disease and error.—SOUTHEY.

AFTER the death of Archbishop Tillotson, there was found a bundle of malicious libels, which had been published against him, and on which the following words were written in his own hand; "I forgive the authors of these books, and pray God that he may also forgive them."

THE BATTLE OF AZINCOURT. II.

[Concluded from page 115.]

THE English waited the advance of the enemy, but finding they did not move, Henry sent for some of his officers, and thus addressed them. "Since our enemies have interrupted our way, let us proceed, and break through them, in the name of the Holy Trinity." A signal being then given, the whole front of the line, removing the stakes, (a sort of moveable palisade, about six feet long, and shod with pointed iron at each end,) which had been set in the ground to resist the cavalry, moved forward with a mighty shout. Coming within bow-shot, the foremost ranks refixed their stakes, interweaving, and inclining them a little towards the enemy. A body of chosen archers advancing some paces, let fly upon the French a shower of arrows, a yard long, with great effect, for the enemy's ranks were extremely close. The French cavalry advanced to repel the archers, but they nimbly retreated behind their stakes, and facing about, discharged another shower of arrows, while the archers lodged in the meadow rose up at a signal, and plied the horses with so galling a discharge, as threw them into the greatest disorder, increased by the softness of the ground, in which they sunk up to their knees. The English, seeing their confusion, threw down their bows, and fell upon them sword in hand; but as the first line of the French consisted of all the best troops in the army, this charge was repulsed with loss on the side of the English. They retreated behind their stakes to take breath, then charging again, the French gave way; at this time, the horsemen stationed in the wood attacked their flank, and threw them into the greatest disorder, and the English made such slaughter amongst them, that the first line took to flight, after seeing the Constable, with many other officers, killed, and most of the princes and generals taken prisoners.

The English now found themselves stopped by the second line of the French, when King Henry, who hitherto had not been personally engaged, advanced with his battalion; and alighting from his horse, presented himself to the enemy. The Duke of Alençon advanced at the head of the French line, hoping to repair the disgrace of his countrymen. He had detached eighteen gentlemen, with orders to keep close to the King of England, and not to leave him, until he was slain or taken prisoner. Encouraged by success, he charged the French with fierceness and valour; fighting on foot at the head of his men, and rushing into the thickest of the fight, where he spread death around him with unsparing hand. In the mean while, the French cavaliers charged up so close to him, that one of them struck him with a battle-axe, which stunned him, though the strength of his helmet prevented the blow being mortal. The rest of them were all striving to get at him, when the valiant David Gam, the captain, and two other Welsh officers, saved him, at the sacrifice of their own lives. Henry seeing them extended at his feet, at the last gasp of life, knighted them all three. The French officers, who still made prodigious efforts to destroy the king, were all killed on the spot.

The heat of the battle increasing, Henry continued to give proofs of his valour, and drew upon him the bravest of his enemies. The Duke of Gloucester, his brother, who fought by his side, being knocked down, he strode across him, and defended him with his own body, to prevent his being killed. By this bold action he so exposed himself, that at length he received a blow on the head, that brought him on his knees.

The Duke of Alençon, on his part, enraged to

madness, at seeing the course of the battle still against him, resolved to die on the field, rather than turn his back. and survive his country's disgrace. With a small band of resolute men, he furiously made way with his sword through the English troops, and sought for the King of England, hoping to revenge, by a single blow, the losses which France had that day sustained. The moment the Duke met with the King, he ran at him, and made so violent a blow at his head, that he cleft off one half of the golden crown, which Henry wore on his helmet. In return for this unexpected blow, Henry struck the Duke to the ground, and with two more blows, killed two of his brave attendants. The Duke then called out, "I am Alençon, and I surrender to you," at the same time holding out his hand to Henry, who immediately offered his hand to accept the pledge; but the English in an instant surrounded the Duke, and put him to death, in spite of the King's endeavours and entreaties to save him. The death of the Duke of Alençon struck such a panic into his troops, that they instantly fled in all directions.

The third line of the French, being still fresh and in good order, might have renewed the battle; but on seeing the slaughter that had taken place, they refused to advance, leaving the flying troops of the second line exposed to the fury of their enemies. Hitherto, the English had had no time to make prisoners; but they had now to exercise pity or cruelty, as they felt inclined, by slaying or making prisoners of their unresisting foes, who, unable to rally, or to fly, for want of room, were wholly at their mercy, and voluntarily offered themselves to death or captivity, as the victors pleased.

Scarcely, however, had the English time to congratulate themselves on their success, when news was brought that the enemy was in force in the rear, and had already plundered the camp. The king ran hastily to the top of a hillock, from whence he saw the camp in great disorder, and the troops left to guard it endeavouring to save themselves by flight. Convinced that the enemy had rallied to renew the fight, he issued orders for putting all the prisoners, except the most illustrious, to death. The English soldiers, to their honour, murmured, and refused to kill men in cold blood, upon which, two hundred of the most desperate characters in the army were ordered to attack the defenceless prisoners, and they slaughtered the greater part of them. Scarcely had this work of butchery been accomplished, when it was discovered that the party which had attacked the camp was merely a company of fugitives, who, having retired betimes from the battle, and knowing that the English camp was but weakly guarded, pillaged it while the two armies were engaged. For this conduct they were imprisoned by the Duke of Burgundy, who would have punished them more severely for being the occasion of the massacre; but the Earl of Charolais, his son, found means to save their lives.

Having returned thanks to Almighty God for this signal and unexpected victory, King Henry sent for a French Herald (who, with three others, had been sent to request leave to bury the slain,) and required of him to declare to whom the victory was to be ascribed? The Herald replied, "Think you us officers at arms to be rude and bestial? If, with fear, or the affection that we bear to our natural country, we either for favour or meed, hide or deny your glorious victory, the fowls of the air and the worms of the ground would bear witness against us, and so would the captives which are yet in your possession. Wherefore, according to the duty of our office, which

is always indifferently to right, and truly to judge, we say and affirm that the victory is yours, the honour is yours, and yours be the glory; advising you, as you have manfully gotten it, so politically to use it." "Then," said Henry, "if such is the case, I demand the name of yonder castle;" pointing to one near the field of battle. "That" said the herald "is called Azincourt." "Then," rejoined the king, "let this battle henceforth be called *the Battle of Azincourt*."

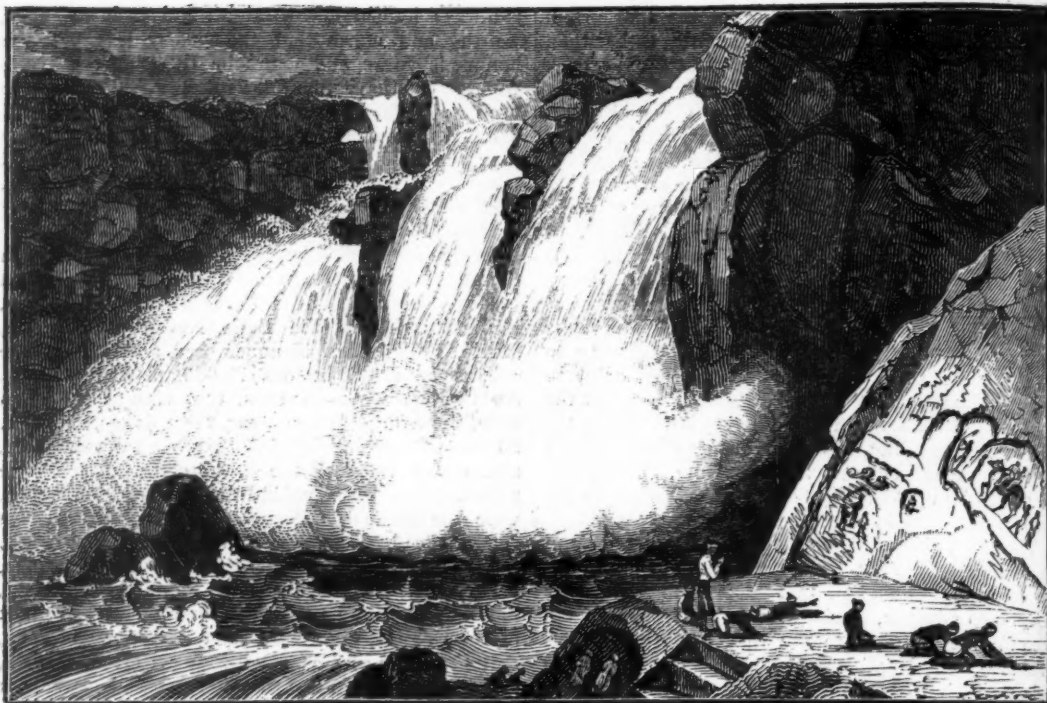
In this memorable battle, which lasted from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon, the French lost the Constable d'Albret, the Dukes of Alençon, Brabant and Bar, the Earls Nevers, Vaudemont, Murle, Roussi, and Fouquemberg, and many more officers of rank, besides 10,000 private soldiers. An English historian says, that among the slain were, the Archbishop of Sens, three dukes, six earls, 90 barons, 1500 knights, 7000 'squires and gentlemen, and about 1600 of the lower class. Among the prisoners taken to England or ransomed in France, were the Duke of Orleans, (found under a heap of dead bodies by the archers in seeking for plunder,) the Duke of Bourbon, the Earls of Eu, Vendome, Richemont, Estouteville, and Marshal Boucicaut, besides 1600 more persons of quality. On the part of the English, there were slain of persons of rank, only the Duke of York, the young Earl of Suffolk, and, if certain English historians may be believed, not above four knights, one 'squire, and twenty-eight common soldiers! Some, however, make their loss about 400 men, and Mezeraï, with more probability, enlarges the number to 1600.

RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

IN the larger cities, there is no apparent deficiency of religion. The number of churches is as great as in England; the habits of the people are moral and decorous; the domestic sanctities are rarely violated, and vice pays at least the homage to virtue, of assuming its deportment. The clergy in those cities are men of respectable acquirements, and, I believe, not inferior to those of other countries in zeal and piety.

In the country, the differences of religious opinion rend society into shreds and patches, varying in every thing of colour, form, and texture. In a village, the population of which is barely sufficient to fill one church, and support one clergyman, the inhabitants are either forced to want religious ministration altogether, or the followers of different sects must agree on some compromise, by which each yields up some portion of his creed, to satisfy the objections of his neighbour. This breeds arguments, dispute, and bitterness of feeling.

There is one advantage of an established church which only those, perhaps, who have visited the United States can duly appreciate. In England, a large body of highly-educated gentlemen annually issue from the Universities, to discharge the duties of the clerical office throughout the kingdom. By this means, a certain stability is given to religious opinion, and even those who dissent from the church, are led to judge of their pastors by a higher standard, and to demand a greater amount of qualification, than is ever thought of in a country like the United States. This result is, undoubtedly, of the highest benefit to the community. The light of the established church penetrates to the chapel of the dissenter, and there is a moral check on religious extravagance, the operation of which is not the less



CATARACT AT PUFFANASSUM.—See p. 187.

efficacious, because it is silent and unperceived by those on whom its influence is exerted.

Religion is not one of those articles, the supply of which may be left to be regulated by the demand. *The necessity for it is precisely greatest when the demand is least*; and a government neglects its first and highest duty which fails to provide for the spiritual, as well as temporal wants of its subjects*. I wish to record my conviction, that those who adduce the state of religion in the United States, as affording illustration of the inutility of an Established Church, are either bad reasoners or ignorant men.

[HAMILTON'S *Men and Manners in America*.]

* Those who most require reformation will be the last to seek it. When children may be allowed to select the medicines they are to take in sickness, or the young, the education which is to fit them for the world, the clergy may be left to the support "of the public, but not till then."—ALISON'S *History of the French Revolution*. Vol. I., p. 213. H. M.

IN afflictions, especially national or public calamities, God oftentimes *seems* to make no distinction betwixt the objects of his compassion and those of his fury, indiscriminately involving them in the same destiny; yet his prescience and his intentions make a vast difference where his afflictions do not seem to make any; as when on the same test, and with the self-same fire, we urge as well the gold as the blended lead or antimony, but with foreknowing and designing such a disparity in the events, as to consume the ignobler minerals, or blow them off into dross or fumes, and make the gold more pure, and full of lustre.—BOYLE.

EARLY RISING.—Whoever has tasted the breath of morning, knows, that the most invigorating and most delightful hours of the day, are commonly spent in bed; though it is the evident intention of nature, that we should enjoy and profit by them. Children awake early, and would be up and stirring long before the arrangements of the family permit them to use their limbs. We are thus broken in from childhood to an injurious habit; that habit might be shaken off with more ease than it was first imposed. We rise with the sun at Christmas, it were but continuing so to do till the middle of April, and without any perceptible change, we should find ourselves then rising at five o'clock, at which hour we might continue till September, and then accommodate ourselves again to the change of season.—SOUTHEY.

ANNIVERSARIES IN NOVEMBER.

MONDAY, 18th.

1518 Cortes set out on his expedition for the conquest of Mexico.

TUESDAY, 19th.

1703 Death of the *Masque de Fer*, or "The Man with the Iron Mask." This extraordinary person had been a state prisoner since 1662. He was served with the utmost respect, the governor of the Bastille remaining always uncovered and standing in his presence; and the only restrictions put on his inclinations, were such as were necessary for the perfect concealment of his person; to this end he wore a mask, so curiously fitted as to enable him to eat and speak with perfect ease, which was never removed. Who he was has never been discovered, but the surmise that he was an elder brother of Louis XIV., brought up in secret by the Queen Mother, is countenanced by the fact, that at the time of his incarceration, no person of sufficient eminence to be so carefully secreted, disappeared in the political world; all that is known, is that he had been a captive in various state prisons in France, and that he died on this day in the Bastille.

1806 Buonaparte declared England to be in a state of blockade.

WEDNESDAY, 20th.

ST. EDMUND THE KING AND MARTYR.—The mild and amiable character of this prince, coupled with his tragical death, have caused him to be enrolled in the list of Saints. He was King of the East Angles, and murdered by the Danes, who landed on the coast of Suffolk and ravaged the country. His remains, which, according to the monkish legend, were miraculously recovered after a long concealment, were interred at Brediscworth, which, in honour of his burial-place, was named St. Edmund's Bury.

1497 Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and thus discovered the true passage to the coasts of Asia, in search of which Columbus was sailing westward.

SATURDAY, 23rd.

ST. CLEMENT.—That St. Clement was Bishop of Rome is clearly known, but whether he is to be considered as the first or third has always been a matter of controversy, to determine which more has been written than the subject seems to require, since that he was contemporary with the Apostles is undoubted, St. Paul expressly mentioning him as one of those who had "laboured with him in the Gospel." One only of the many works attributed to this eminent father of the church is of undoubted authority, namely, his *Epistle to the Church of Corinth*, which was read in the early ages with, but not (as some authors affirm,) classed among, or admitted into, the canon of the New Testament. Neither the manner nor the exact time of his death are known, but he is conjectured to have died a natural death about the year 100, in the reign of Trajan.

SUNDAY, 24th.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

1572 John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, expired at Edinburgh. His bold and uncompromising spirit was well summed up by Earl Morton, in his funeral eulogium,—*Here lies he who never feared the face of man.*

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